bought him a carton. I'd been sitting on the front steps waiting for him to come to work in his little car. I'd called him over. He wanted to know why I was doing that. I said because I thought he had to have something for himself. I'd noticed that he hadn't even bought a chocolate bar in weeks.

This time I must have held his hand a bit too long, because he withdrew it violently. Then he proceeded to put himself down, like he didn't want me to be attracted to him, and maybe at the same time was enjoying the attraction, and indulging himself a little. He said he was just a loser, a middle-aged loser getting a gut, and he was straight.

That Christmas I got depressed and nearly quit. Everyone thought it was Christmas, but it was Adam. He could do that to me.

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He could be mean. I tried hard one week to get some of the dirtiest tenants to take a shower. The men posed special problems. Apart from the fact that they were especially dirty, they could be unpredictably immodest. I'd usually try to get Gabriel into the shower right after giving him his meds in the morning. It was a shock tactic. He'd initially refuse. There'd be saliva on his pillow and his shirt. Drool, Caspar called it. Gabriel stank of urine, saliva, and cigarettes. He slept in his clothes, sometimes several nights in a row.